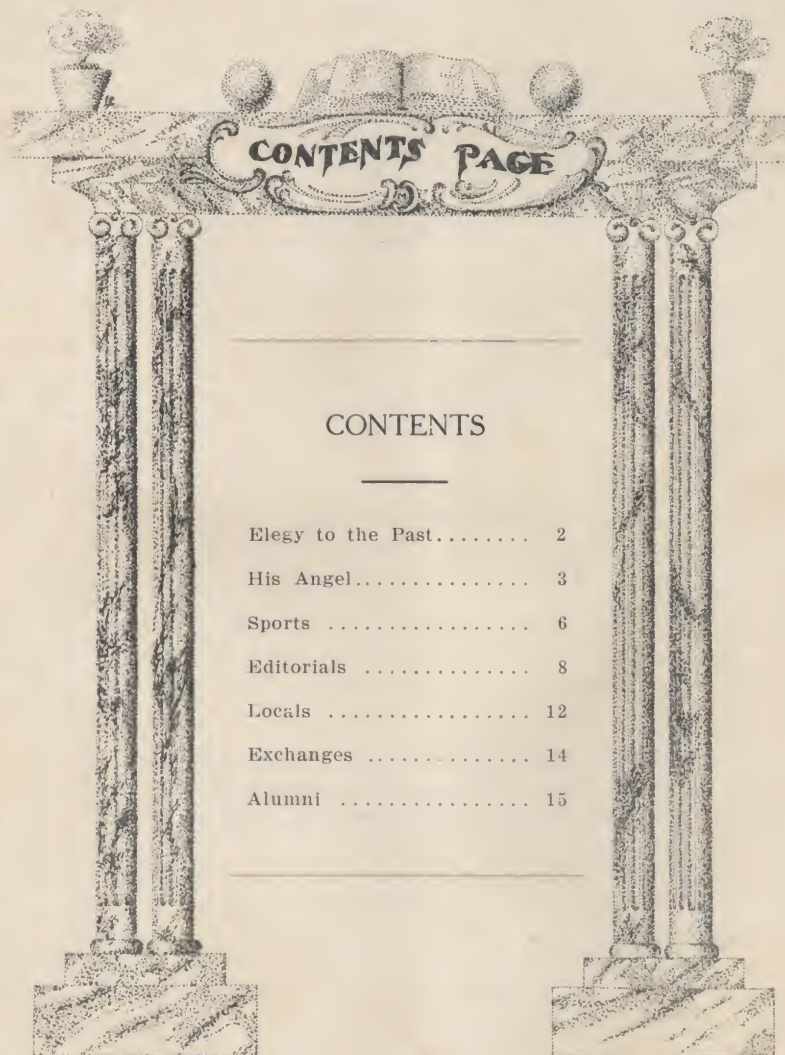


# MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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PUBLISHED BY  
THE STUDENTS *of*  
MONTGOMERY  
BELL —  
ACADEMY

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## Elegy to the Past

---

Yesterday a sweet rose bloomed,  
But now the rose is faded,  
Tomorrow morn the rose is gone—  
Gone—all, to it related.

We cannot have our tomorrows,  
Nor replace our yesterdays,  
All we have now is the present,  
So make a good today.

The past is sealed forever now,  
We cannot have our way.  
I would to God 'twere better than  
It is for me today.

In the present, do the right deed,  
As old time is fleeting fast,  
And when 'tis gone, you'll not regret  
The present is the past.

Oh, Time! Why do you not pursue,  
Some slower, less perpetual way,  
Where man shall have the time to  
know  
Tomorrow is today.

—*Thomas I. Nowlin.*





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# Montgomery Bell Bulletin

FEBRUARY, 1915

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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

No. 3

## His Angel

"08."

**W**HY do you sit and stare at me?"

"Because, in you I see an angel. An angel that neither loves nor smiles—yet an angel that fills my heart with such infinite longings that within myself I fear—I fear—I fear to touch you again!" The man leaned forward, his eyes brilliant and flashing with uncontrollable passion of love. She regarded him steadily, her cold, fireless eyes boring into his. Not even the corners of her lips broke their hard, derisive curve. The man had called her an angel. Could he have seen beneath the robe of ice that adorned her soul, he would have fled out into the snow-washed world. Fled as though a mighty curse had scarred his heart, and with the bruise, nurtured a famished past, that even an angel, in all the infinite light of his passionate moments failed to heal with even one little caress.

"Why," she asked coldly, "do you *think* that you are in love with me? Love? Such a foolish thing, is love!"

"No, no!" moaned the man, his arms stretching out to her, his eyes pleading, his breath escaping quickly.

"Your silly words grow tiresome. Pray speak of something more agreeable," said the girl with a shrug.

"But, Alice, Alice, my dear—what is there for me to speak of, to think of but love where you are concerned? I need you. You represent all that nature has been storing away for centuries—all these infinite things, all are moulded into your infinite variety. How can I help but love one so possessed with all that my nature craves?"

"But I don't love you. You are presuming too much."

"You do not love me!" his voice broke with a pitiful sob. "My God, Alice! Have you played with me—

my affections?" He buried his head in his hands and moaned. His heart was sore and bruised.

"What does a few kisses, a few caresses—the flickering of an eyelid—what does all that amount to? Must one see love in all such fancies?" She regarded Brent Nolan with a slight sneer. Her chestnut hair fell evenly over her marble-like forehead, and the blue eyes—two blue bird eggs in a nest of marble—watched his every movement.

"You have kissed me. You have led me to believe that you loved me—then why?" For the first time the girl laughed. A cold, mirthless laugh.

"One must seek the unusual if they are a bit stale upon the older subjects of the thing called life. You presented an opportunity that I could not let slip. You are a foolish man. If every girl that you meet were like putty when you throw your spell of offended dignity upon them, I would feel sorry for my sex."

"But I love you!" he said passionately. Rising he seized her arm and pulled her to her feet. "I love you. You have got to tell me again that you hate me, and then—"

"And then—?" she asked icedly, the coldness never leaving her. Her red lips lured him on, and in a moment of blind madness he kissed her. Kissed the red lips until they grew chilled. Her hair and eyes—those cold, blue flames that burned without fire—again he kissed the cold lips,

and their coldness brought him back to life.

A tear escaped from the eyes of the man and fell upon the girl's cheek. Trickled down, then came to rest upon the point of her delicate chin, frozen tear of affection! The man pushed her rudely away, and she stumbled back into the chair. The cold, menacing stare that met his gaze filled his heart with animosity at this girl. He brushed his colorless lips with the back of his hand, his face a pall of infuriated blackness. For a moment he continued to gaze at the girl before him.

"You would make a plaything of me. My love has always been honest, for I have loved you. Even now I could forgive you." The girl continued to stare coldly at him. "Your frozen kisses, your marble-like flesh can never again cause me pain. I am going away, I hope to never see you again." He backed slowly toward the door, his face drawn and haggard. The girl still regarded him from where she sat with an unresponsive light that now found a momentary spark in her eyes. Yet she did not offer to stop the man from going. Backing through the tapestries that hung over the door, he vanished for a moment from the girl's sight. She shuddered and then burst forth into cruel laughter that stung the man in the hallway to the quick.

He listened a moment, then returned to the tapestries and peered within. The girl saw him and again



that cruel laughter that chased the blood from his body. The man gazed at her for a moment fascinated. Then his lips curled, and from them issued words of a new vocabulary, strange and mysterious to the girl. But the animosity and extreme hate of the man were aflame in his face. The girl shivered as with cold. Her heart chilled at the intenseness of his words.

When he had gone the girl thumbed the pages of a dictionary and found the meaning of his words. Her face grew livid. A white streak glowed like a scar upon her red cheeks where Nolan's tear had fallen. "How could he? Oh, how could he?" she moaned. But in her heart she knew that his words had carried a true meaning, and outlined her character. The white spot looked like snow against the blood red of her cheeks. Unconsciously she put her hands against her cheek and caressed the spot with shaking fingers.

His words told the story of her double life, and the bruise upon her soul made her sick and faint. In that dark moment of her life she called to the man who had poured out his honest love to her, but the abyss seemed to loom below and deep with-

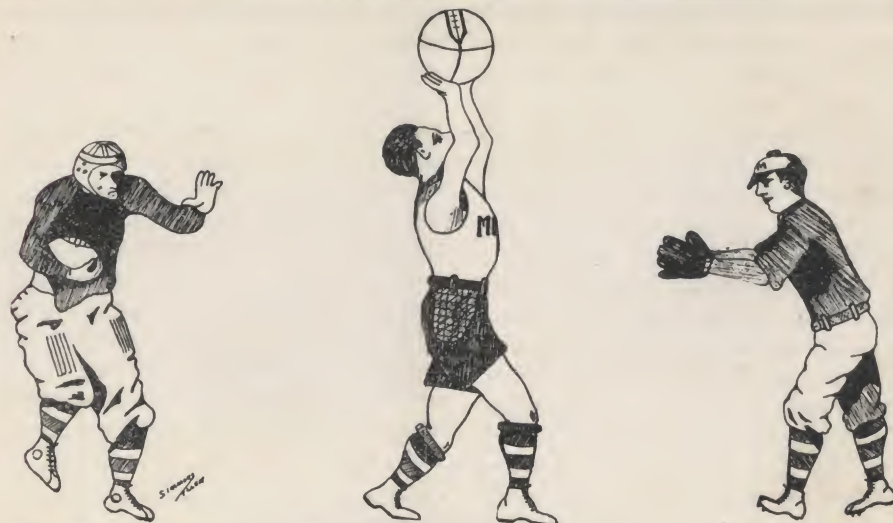
in the unscalable shadow of her past, the girl struggled in the stygian abyss, bareing her soul with a pitiful plea to Him that during her life she had never professed to know. God to this girl offered the one solution, and to Him she prayed with all her soul, with all the iciness of her cold nature fleeing before her tumbling words. Beating her hands against the table until they became smeared with red, she pleaded on. Her voice rising now and then in anguish. Her soul was torn and bleeding and the physical pain that she suffered from constantly pounding upon the table added to the horror of her aching body.

Nolan stared at the note in his hand, and reread the last paragraph. "I never knew until you called me—I cannot repeat the words\*—what love really was to you, nor the depths one would go when possessed of such a love. Won't you forgive me? I love you now, dear. Please come back?" Nolan stared at the note, then tore it to small pieces, tossing it into the duck pond at his feet. With a droop to his shoulders he shuffled to a near-by saloon and passed through the swinging doors.

---

# S P O R T S

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## Football Team Banqueted

On Saturday evening, December 5, 1914, Mrs. Ball's untiring efforts toward the team finally came to a big banquet which was enjoyed in the Academy Hall at M. B. A., which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The football team, coach, cheer leader and faculty were present. The big table as well as the hall was decorated in red and white, two footballs hanging on red and white ribbons were swinging over the table from the ceiling.

Mr. Ball was toastmaster of the evening, Mr. Hager spoke on football and athletics at M. B. A. and its de-

velopment. All present responded in turn.

The election of manager, assistant and captain of the 1915 team was held. Rooney was elected manager, Carroll assistant to manager, and Ezell captain.

Mrs. Ball presented to the team a good song which she composed. Copies were passed to everyone present. Also a song composed by Mr. F. A. Turner was dedicated to the team of 1914.

Mr. Turner is a local lover of the sport, also a follower of the good Academy-like sportsmanship. Many



thanks from every student of Montgomery Bell Academy is extended to Mr. Turner in return for his kindness and interest towards us. All thank Mrs. Ball for the song and story.

The affair was closed by presenting Mr. Hager with a neat cigarette case. E.

#### CAPTAIN AND MANAGER.

The Athletic Committee met recently and elected Ezell manager and Avent captain of the basket ball team. Avent picked the following team: Rooney, Ezell, Avent, S. Allen, F. Allen, Eakin. We wish you as much luck at basket ball as you had in football.

M. B. A. 39, B. C. 25.

Saturday evening January 23 the Nashville Boys' Club were defeated in their own gym. They were simply outplayed and our team work was unexcelled. Ezell, S. Allen and Rooney were the big stars for the academy. Ezell shot goals at almost every attempt. Rooney shot five and Simmons Allen five. The passing by S. Allen was skillfully performed throughout the game, while George and James Pellettieri starred for the Boys' Club.

#### BASEBALL OFFICIALS.

At a meeting of the largest crowd that ever attended any of the athletic meetings at M. B. A. this season Mr. Leroy Stein, editor-in-chief of the *Montgomery Bell Bulletin*, was unanimously elected business manager of

our baseball team for the approaching season. Mr. Eakin, who is well known on the gridiron field, and is also a survivor of last year's baseball team, was favorably elected captain. These two boys both have made a splendid record in their lines of work respectively, Eakin as a football star and Stein as one of the greatest editor-in-chiefs the *Montgomery Bell Bulletin* has ever boasted of. Knowing your reputations the entire student body is perfectly confident of the best results. Hoping that you make our team of 1915 the best team ever recorded in the history of M. B. A.

—C. M. C. E.

#### "KING SPORT."

Basket ball is "king" now, but eyes are looking towards the one national sport, "baseball." We had a successful football team, a promising basket ball team, and when the few months elapse all will reach the point of getting for our school a baseball team, and we have the material for a team that should end the season with a percentage of 1000. Among the boys who will shine on the baseball diamonds are: "Harold Husky" Braly, George Leffler, Babe Allen, Felix M. Wilson, L. Curry, Ezell, Eakin, Davis and Deaderick. Braly has played with Webb School, Leffler played with H.-F. H. S., Wilson played with H.-F. H. S., Allen played everywhere, Ezell, Curry, Eakin and Davis have played at M. B. A. and Deadrick has played H—ll.





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Much credit is due Professor I. H. Gibson for bringing relief to a number of Nashville's needy citizens. Professor Gibson made an announcement in the study hall that he had obtained quite a few names of unfortunate citizens whom he wished the school to aid. He asked this aid to be in useful articles of clothing. The pupils responded to his request with immediate action. Without doubt there was many a family whose life seemed a little cheery and whose hearts were gladdened through Professor Gibson's suggestion and through the hearty co-operation of the students.

---

We would appreciate editorials from the pupils of the Academy as well as other work we are receiving.

The second quarter examinations were held the latter part of January. Those examinations brought to our mind the fact that we have only a half term of school left. Therefore let us take heed and buckle down to hard work so that when the final day of this term comes we may feel that we have succeeded and succeeded well.

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There has been little interest shown in both Senior and Junior literary societies this season. It is to be regretted that some of the members of these societies do not take them more seri-

ously. We may dare to say that there has not been one program successfully carried through this season, due to indifference. These societies could be made very interesting and instructive if some of the members would realize their purpose and do their share on the programs. Proper debating cannot be done by off-hand preparation. Debates must have statistics, etc., behind them. As for declaiming, well it is out of the question for anyone to try to declaim with one reading of his speech. Declaiming is a very important part of an education for anyone, as all of the lecturers who have touched on school subjects this season have told us. It does seem rather odd when we all can enjoy this advantage that we cast it aside for some mere trifle when it will mean so much to everyone of us later on in life. Let us think it over and after we have weighed it carefully, let us see if debating and declaiming isn't worth while after all.

---

The baseball season is not many moons off. Our chances for a winning team seem to be excellent if we look over the old men and sum up the ability of the new men from hearsay, etc. But there is one drawback and a fatal, one at that, to any team that wants to be in the running, and that drawback is no other than the lack of practice. A baseball team is like a machine. Every man is a part of that machine. If a man attends practice when he cares to, often missing

days, he becomes rusty at his certain position much the same as certain parts of machines become rusty when not oiled, etc. Practice to a baseball player is what oiling is to a part of a machine, it makes him run smooth and help along the whole thing just as the part of the machine makes the big machine run smoothly. It takes practice to make a winning team. Dabs of practice often ruin a player and the team he belongs to. Let us take this into consideration when the spring practice opens and every time we feel like laying off from practice remember we are hurting ourselves and our team.

---

At last our school pins have arrived. They are entirely original, no catalogue advertising a like design. Every wearer of one of these pins should look on it with pride, not mainly for its beauty, but because it represents his school.

---

Why not miss a few Keystones and send those "movie" nickels to some relief fund for the war sufferers?

---

#### MR. NORMAN HACKETT VISITS THE ACADEMY.

Friday, January 8, the faculty and students of Montgomery Bell Academy were delightfully surprised when Professor Ball introduced Mr. Norman B. Hackett, leading man in stock at the Orpheum Theater.

Mr. Hackett opened his talk by expressing his gratitude to Professor



Ball for his complimentary introduction, but said that he supposed he was something like the speaker at the banquet who was introduced, the introducer rising from his seat said: "Shall we have the lecture now or shall we enjoy ourselves a little longer."

However, we are quite sure the school did not agree with Mr. Hackett in taking this joke upon himself.

Mr. Hackett said that he considered the drama the greatest of all arts, because it embraced every art, that every person was endowed with dramatic instinct and that he considered it a shame that there were not more municipal playhouses in the United States where standard plays may be heard at a moderate admission; that every town in Germany of only a few thousand inhabitants have their municipal theaters where boys and girls flock to hear beautiful lines from the dramas.

Mr. Hackett next took up the subject of actors. He told us that actors are usually looked upon curiously, but that the reason of this is because the audience see the actors only over the footlights and never come into personal contact with them. Mr. Hackett then said that he supposed the students would like to know how he broke into the profession. "It was just in me to be an actor," Mr. Hackett said. "While a very small boy I would go up into my attic, make a stage of boxes and recite to an imaginary audience." At the age of

twelve Mr. Hackett went to a theater in his home city and asked the manager whenever he needed an extra boy to let him know. The manager replied that he would need one the following week. Mr. Hackett was on hand and the manager gave him the position. He was dressed in a sort of Red Riding Hood effect and was told to stand behind a large rock. He heard people screaming, etc., on the stage and all of a sudden a villain came and grabbed him and threw him in a well. He afterwards learned that the leading lady of the company not cherishing the idea of a soaking every night employed a substitute. Mr. Hackett was the substitute. Mr. Hackett said that he also learned that the leading lady, after the curtain fell, would throw a little water on her coat and veil and when the curtain rose, she would stand before the audience and receive all the applause, while he, dripping wet, received no recognition whatever. Mr. Hackett received five dollars for his week's services, his first professional earnings.

In speaking of education Mr. Hackett laid special stress on boys receiving a thorough education, that they should not be too anxious to make a few dollars and leave school, thus sacrificing their education, but that they should finish their college courses.

Before concluding Mr. Hackett spoke a few minutes on our language. He impressed upon us that he did not object to the way people spoke

(meaning the difference between the Southern and Northern way of speaking and the difference in other parts of the country), because the way a person spoke was significant of the part of the country that person came from and that he should be proud of his speech, but what he did object to was the frequent mispronunciation of words; that proper speech is the earmark of culture and that every person should pay proper attention to his speech.

In addition to his talk Mr. Hackett gave us a recitation, "I Don't Know," which was highly appreciated. The comic expressions of his face and the comic manner in which he spoke the lines kept the hall in an uproar of laughter.

It was indeed a great pleasure to us all to have Mr. Hackett at the Academy and a still greater advantage to hear him speak.

—*LeRoy Stein.*

The school was given a pleasant surprise January 20, when Mr. Ball called the students together in the upper hall and announced that Dr. Sanborn, of Vanderbilt, would give us

a talk on Germany's position in the present European war.

Dr. Sanborn began by saying that Europe was just ready to explode, only a spark being needed which was supplied in the murder of the Crown Prince of Austria by a Servian plot. Then he gave the subsequent events which led up to war being declared between the present enemies.

It was the opinion of Dr. Sanborn that Servia was merely the tool of Russia in provoking Germany into a war with herself and her allies so that Russia could get an outlet to the sea.

In the same manner and for the same selfish reasons England and France wanted to get into the fight, the former to ruin Germany's commerce and the latter to recover the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, so Dr. Sanborn thought.

On closing Dr. Sanborn said that Germany did nothing wrong in crossing Belgium as it was an instrument of Great Britain against Germany. And that Germany was fighting back in defense of her rights. He said that the destruction of Germany would be a very great blow to civilization.

—*R. L. Currey.*

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## LOCALS

Of course, not knocking our basket ball team, but Rooney looks like a catsup bottle in his basket ball suit. I saw Eakin also.

\* \* \*

Mr. Blair: "Good morning, Hiersig; how's the boy."

Hiersig: "All right, thank you; how's yours."

\* \* \*

Prof. Ball calling Simmons Allen down in History 5: Simmons Allen (between Braly and Wilson): "A rose between two thorns."

\* \* \*

Ed Frank: "What two fruits are the best together?"

Ed Rooney: "A date with a peach."

\* \* \*

Prof. Ball (reading roll call): "Harrison."

Harrison (working alg.): "Thirteen."

\* \* \*

Baird: "Why is Long's neck like a typewriter?"

Rankin: "Because it's Underwood."

\* \* \*

Prof. Ball (in Eng. 5): "What English king was on the throne when Scotland won her independence?"

Simmons Allen: "Alexander the Great."

\* \* \*

Mr. Cherry: "Cut that horse laugh out. Some of you don't do anything but bray."

Prof. Ball: "Carroll, do you know this lesson?"

Corroll (aside): "Revenge! I have been insulted."

\* \* \*

Carroll (aside): "There's no hope for me now!"

Ed Frank: Carrol, let's get a drink."

Carroll: "Is that a question or an invitation?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Ball in History 5: Carroll, where is Switzerland?"

Carroll: "It is in the Gulf of Finland."

\* \* \*

Carrol: Professor, is it a sin to lie?"

Prof. Ball: "Yes."

Carrol (aside): "Gee! I'm lost."

\* \* \*

Mr. Cherry was seen by our reporter and on answering the question why his finger was hurt, he replied that some one had stepped on it. Well, this is the first time that we knew that Mr. Cherry smoked.

Moral—Don't grab butts on a crowded street.

\* \* \*

Scales: "Boddie, do you think you may go West?"

Boddie: "No, but I'm Eakin to."

\* \* \*

Hayes: "What position do you play in basketball?"

Eberhart: "Guard or tackle."

Curry: "Scales, I've heard you have turned over a new leaf, have started to doing unto others as you would have others do unto you?"

Scales: "Yes, I've stopped speaking to Boddie."

\* \* \*

Prof. Gibson (in Chemistry Class): "Ezell, what is Aqua fortis?"

Ezell: "I do not know."

Prof. Gibson: "Bransford, what is Aqua fortis or strong water?"

Bransford: "Water with lots of iron in it."

\* \* \*

When Joe Wiles on the flagging, slips  
And cracks the icy walk,  
The maddest words of tongue or lips  
Are grouped in Joseph's talk.

\* \* \*

Mr. Gibson got stuck while out riding in his grunt buggy, and we saw a man in a Lozier pulling him in town and when they had gotten along side of us we heard the gentleman in the Lozier remark to his companion: "Say, friend, see! I got a louse on the string."

\* \* \*

#### A FEW NAMES THAT A FORD IS KNOWN BY.

Street Louse,  
Skeeter,  
Grunt Buggy,  
Tin Lizzie,  
Two-by-Four,  
Ingersol, Jr.,  
Cheese Box,  
Etc.

(With apology to Mr. Gibson.)

Prof. Ball (in History 5): "Well, a little incident is: Mary and William—they elect Mary, but they didn't want William of Orange to be queen."

\* \* \*

"Ezell" was "Eakin" to meet B. G. A., and the "Avent" was one to be remembered. "Forrest Allen" told "Rooney" that "Simmons Allen" needed experience, and "Rooney" asked "John Bell" to "Trainor," and he replied "Wilson."

\* \* \*

Kerr and Jackson out on Wharf Avenue.

Jackson: "These people never saw a human being out here."

Kerr: "That is the reason you live out here, is it?"

\* \* \*

Ryer: "Prof. Gibson, what is the matter with Lawrence?"

Prof. Gibson: "A dog bit him in the hand."

Hayes: "I bet Prof. Cherry bit him."

\* \* \*

Mike Frank (in History Class): "Ed. Ball, is it true about George Washington cutting down the apple tree?"

Prof. Ball: "I wasn't there. I don't know."

\* \* \*

#### CHOKE.

Mr. Cherry (roll call): "May, one hour; composition for Math. 3."

May: "No, sir; that's a mistake, I do not write compositions for Math 3."





Our exchange list is rapidly increasing. We welcome each and every one.

*Criterion*, Waupaca, Wis.

*Little Rock High School Tiger*, Little Rock, Ark.

*The Evening School Voice*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Purple and Gold*, Clarksville, Tenn.

*The Oracle*, Plainfield, N. J.

*Wallace World*, Nashville, Tenn.

*Dixie Derrick*, Cookeville, Tenn.

*Quaker Campus*, Whitter, Cal.

*Maroon and Gray*, Dallas, Tex.

*Kansas Star*, Olathe, Cal.

*Orange and White*, Knoxville, Tenn.

*The Sphinx*, Centralia, Ill.

*Bugle Call*, Columbia, Tenn.

*Grove Comet*, Paris, Tenn.

*Sewanee Purple*, Sewanee, Tenn.

*The Signal*, Columbia.

*Hawkins Homer*, Gallatin, Tenn.

*Central High School Bulletin*, Memphis, Tenn.

*Transit*, Lexington, Ky.

*The Somerset Idea*, Somerset, Ky.

*Garnet and Gray*, Savannah, Tenn.

*Cholate News*, Wellington, Cal.

*Purple and Gold*—Why not add "some" cuts? Otherwise your paper is well gotten up.

*The Criterion*—Well edited and contains many good stories.

*The Evening School Voice*—We wish to congratulate you on you cuts. They are excellent.

*Bugle Call*—A very neat and well arranged paper.

\* \* \*

#### NO TIME TO LOSE.

English Newsie (selling extras): "Better 'ave one and read it now, sir; it might be contradicted in the morning."—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

#### TEMPUS FUGIT.

"Why, what in the world has become of your watch? The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"I know it did, but circumstances alter cases."—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

#### UNNECESSARY.

"Did you tell Binks I was a fool?" "No; I thought he knew it."—*Ex.*



## Alumni Notes

Paul D. Johnson is traveling for the Goodyear Tire Co.

\* \* \*

(Strand.) If you want to know about it, ask Hiram Waddle.

\* \* \*

We are glad our former teacher, Mr. Craymer, has made his headquarters here with the Mutual Adjustment Co.

\* \* \*

George Gleaves is now with the Y. M. C. A. He is doing his old basket ball stunts with the Y. M. C. A. Maroons.

\* \* \*

Paul Harvill and wife are making their home in Colorado.

\* \* \*

James Morton is now with the N. & C. R. R.

J. Henry Ragenhardt is now with the East Nashville Auto Co.

\* \* \*

Harold Metz has left to enter the University of North Carolina. We wish him well.

\* \* \*

Hamilton Robertson has been appointed by Dr. L. P. Brown as Chief Chemist of his department.

\* \* \*

We have lost track of our old friend, Harry (Red) Anderson, but wherever he is we wish him well.

\* \* \*

Rascoe C. Parks is in business with his father in Atlanta.

\* \* \*

Jas. E. Peak was in the city a few days ago, and he says the crops are fine.

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